1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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be postponed for a week or two, not that the proposed match should be dropped.

D. *Beliefs about Natural Phenomena*

To the Hill Maria the universe is *Bhum*, the sky being *Pogho-bhum*, and the earth *Adi-bhum*; they have no name for any underworld or home of the Departed. They sometimes say that they have heard of a god named Ispural living in *Pogho-bhum*, but that they do not worship him. To Hill and Bison-horn Maria the sun (*porad*) is a Koitor, the moon (*lenj*) his woman, and the stars (*hukom* or *minkos*, Hill Maria; *uk'ka*, Bison-horn Maria) are their children; falling stars (*Sokra*, Hill Maria) are their excrement; the Bison-horn Marias consider that falling stars are a portent of death. Both Hill and Bison-horn Marias call the Milky Way the Road (*daghar*, Hill Maria; *marg*, Bison-horn), but they do not know who or what uses the road and have no legend about it, though the Bhattras and Murias of Jagdalpur say that it is the road over which Bhimul drives his bullock-cart, the thunder being the rumbling of the wheels. The only constellations for which I could get Hill Maria names were *Nagar* or Plough for Orion and *Khatoli* or Cot for the Great Bear; enquiries on this point among the Bison-horn Marias drew blank. Neither had any theory about the markings on the moon's face; the Hill Marias have observed that they sometimes look like a human face. The Hill Marias call the rainbow the Earth-serpent (*Bhum-taras*, or *Bhum-taras-korta*), and say that it crawls out of a great ant-hill and throws its light across the sky as a sign of no more rain: the Bison-horn Marias call it *Bhimul-wil*, the bow of Bhimul the rain-god. The Hill Marias associate clouds (*mayyal*) with rain (*pegh*), but do not know where the rain comes from. Thunder (*gadar*) and lightning (*orr*) just happen, and do not alarm them, nor do they appear to have any special precautions to take in burying a man killed by lightning, unlike the Bison-horn Maria. But hail (*adur*) terrifies them, and all rush into their houses. They have no explanation of eclipses, which they call *garkar*, an obvious corruption of the Hindi *grahan*; but the idiomatic way of saying 'there is an eclipse' is '*garkar lopinta*', literally 'the eclipse is swallowing'; and both they and Bison-horn Marias call a man with a hare-lip '*garkar-kandya*', an expression which they themselves cannot explain and is borrowed direct from their Hindu neighbours, who always attribute a hare-lip to an eclipse during the mother's pregnancy.

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Hinduization weakens the taboo on the menstruating and strengthens that on the pregnant woman. It was at Gudra, which stands on a motor-road, that I heard most about restrictions during pregnancy. The pregnant woman in that village was not allowed to cross a stream or the rope with which a horse was tethered; she could not pick or reap any growing thing; if she plastered a wall, she must leave a small hole somewhere. She must not eat the head or legs of a sacrificed animal.[1] Eclipses are dangerous; if a woman goes out of doors at such a time there is danger that her child may be born with a hare-lip or a squint. It is sometimes held that a pregnant woman should not go to the forest clearings; at Barem the daughter of Barse Chule did so; she met a Rau in a whirlwind and was prematurely delivered of a stillborn child.

The cravings of pregnancy are believed, as elsewhere in India, to be due to the erratic and uncertain desires of the child in the womb, but whereas there is usually a belief that it is essential to gratify these cravings I found some Bison-horn Marias of opinion that to do so was dangerous. 'If she eats earth, she will die; if she craves for fish and gets it, she will die.' But at Gudra they took the conventional view and held it was more dangerous to deny the cravings than to fulfil them. Long ago, I was told, a woman wanted a plantain and could not get it; the child was born with a plantain in its hand. Another woman demanded buttermilk and when her request was denied, her hands and feet swelled.

Birth normally occurs on the fenced-in veranda of a Bison-horn Maria house, in the place where the menstruating woman has to sleep. Any variation from the normal is considered dangerous; a foot-presentation, for example, is expected to prove fatal to both child and mother. For the cord to be discovered round the shoulder is a good omen and prophesies wealth; but a strangulating cord suggests that the child will be hanged and a cord round the leg is also bad. The cord is cut with an arrow-head if the child is a boy, with a knife or sickle if it is a girl. The mother herself or some old woman of the household makes a ligature and severs the cord below it. Meanwhile the husband erects in the compound a small 'bathing-hut', a simple unroofed structure of leafy branches, inside which he digs a pit. Then the mother herself, or her attendant, puts the placenta and cord on a leaf-platter of *bauhinia vahlii* leaves[2] and places it in the pit. The father fills the pit with earth and places three green logs and sometimes a large stone or wooden

[1] I have been told that no woman should at any time eat part of an animal sacrificed to Bhimul or Dongar Pen.

[2] This platter, which is chosen at random from a pile, is carefully examined, for the number of children the mother may expect is estimated from the number of bamboo stitches holding it together.

THE MURIA'S LIVELIHOOD

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There are uncle-nephew sambhar grazing there.'
When the Raja saw them the deer ran to the hill.
He flew the hawk to catch them.
But the hawk did not catch the sambhar and flew away.
Mîlo milo called the Raja, but its pubic hairs took no heed.
The Raja went home weeping and told his elder brother's wife
That his hawk had flown away.

'Give me food quickly, I will go to find it.'
The girl gave food, the Raja ate it quickly.
He slung his basket on his back and went to find his hawk.
He went calling *Mîlo milo*, but he found no trace.
The Raja wandered on from land to land.
He came to the realm of Jihgunji Raja,
And called *Mîlo milo*, but still there was no sign.

The daughters of Ispural were living there.
In their house they hid the hawk; they said, 'We have no news of it'.
The Raja said, 'Where is my hawk? I will give you a reward'.
'We know nothing of your hawk and we want no reward.
Let us go to play, brother, in the sea of sixteen streams.
Then we will tell you of your hawk, and then you will find it.'

They went to bathe in the sea and having bathed, returned.
'Choose now which of us you will take away.'
'I will take the youngest, Phulsundri Rani.'
Quickly they finished the marriage, and gave him back his hawk.
He took his hawk and Rani and brought them home with him.
His elder brother's wife came to greet him with a pot of water.
She greeted him with Johar, and thus they lived and ate.

X. Fishing

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The Muria are not professional fishermen, a duty which normally falls upon the Kuruk or Dhimar, but whenever they live near a river they naturally make every effort to supplement their diet, and everywhere they catch the small fish that live in tanks and flooded fields.

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They do not know a great deal about fish, and apart from saying generally that lightning is caused by the flashing of the scales of a great fish that leaps into the air and the legends they tell about the bod fish, which is the totem of several clans, they have little folklore about them. They distinguish a dozen types of fish, among them the *bodmin*, *sipa*, *dandai* or *kurangra*, *ndri* (or *bhun*), *bots* (or *khoka*), *dundum*, *lawe* (or *turu*) and *bigum*.

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The gall-bladder of the *bigum* is regarded as an important remedy for snake-bite, a belief which is shared even by educated Hindus and members of the State Medical Service. The Muria extract the gall-bladder and preserve it by filling it with the small kosra grain. They keep this carefully and when it is needed, the grain, which has been thoroughly soaked in the bladder secretions, is removed and put in water. When it is dissolved it is given to the patient to drink.

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The Muria fishing apparatus is of the usual type. They sometimes use a hook and line suspended from a bamboo rod; the hook is baited with flies and

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773 covered with the marks of disease, and they got married. Now these two, man and woman, had no knowledge of sex. They lived together working in their fields, but the man never went to his wife. Presently Mahapurub sent Lingo to see how they were getting on. 'They know nothing of love or copulation, they are living as brother and sister', so said Lingo. This made Mahapurub anxious about the peopling of the world. So he gave Lingo two pills filled with his love-charms to give them.

When Lingo reached the house, he found the man had gone to hunt but the woman was bathing. He gave her the two pills and told her to eat one of them after the bath and to give the other to her husband when he returned. Having done this, Lingo went away. The woman ate one pill but was so pleased with it that she ate the second also, leaving nothing for her husband. Directly she swallowed the pills she was filled with excitement and passion and ran into the forest to seek her man.

At last when he returned from hunting, instead of giving him his food she took him into the house and pulled him down to the ground beside her. But for all her caresses there was no desire in him and he did nothing. He ate a heavy meal but she could not eat. All night she tried to rouse him, but without success. Then once again Lingo came to see how they were. He peeped through the door and saw the woman trying to rouse her husband. So he brought two more pills and this time gave them one each. Now at last the husband's desire was awakened and he went to his wife again and again, but since the woman had a greater number of pills she was much the more passionate. That is why the Muria say women remain more passionate than men unto this day.

So strong was their passion that the very next morning a child was born. After this, children were born throughout the world and men and women increased in number.

The stories go on to tell how Lingo brought the Muria to Bastar from Lanjhi-Dhamda and how the different clans came into being as they tried to cross over the great ocean that separated Dhamda from Bastar. He also taught the Muria how to worship Mother Earth.

The Muria was thinking, 'How am I to worship the earth for I have nothing to give her'. He had one daughter. He covered her whole body with soot to make her black and forced her to walk on all fours like a black cow. Then he went to the jungle to worship Mother Earth. On the way he met Lingo driving a cow. Lingo said, 'O man, where are you going?' 'I am going to worship Mother Earth.' 'What are you going to sacrifice?' 'I have nothing to give but my own daughter and I am going to sacrifice her.' Then Lingo said, 'Give me your daughter, and I will give you my cow'. From that day the Muria have not offered human beings to the Earth Mother but, taught by Lingo, have sacrificed their cattle.[1]

XI. Lingo and the Sun and Moon

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[1] Nanga Baiga was also taught to substitute animal for human sacrifice.—*The Baiga*, p. 315.

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oldest Muria thought, Lingo, unlike such exclusively mundane cult-heroes as Nanga Baiga, has much to do with the heavens. Later on, he is often displaced by Bhimul Pen or Bhimsen. In Ulera the Muria told the following story.

When this world was first made there was neither sun nor moon and the clouds and the earth were like husband and wife, they lay so close together.[1] Men were very small and had to move between them. They ploughed with rats and to pick brinjals they had to reach up as though they were getting mangoes from a tree. As they walked to and fro they used to knock their heads against the clouds.

Then Lingo and his brothers raised the clouds into the sky and there was room for men on earth, but there was no sun or moon and everything was dark. There was a tree called Huppe Piyer. When this tree blossomed it was day, when it dried up it was night. The twelve Lingo brothers and the thirteen Bhimul brothers thought and thought how they could bring more light to the world. 'Where can we find something which will make light and darkness?' So thinking they came to the tree Huppe Piyer. 'This is what we want', they said and began to cut it down. It was so big that the twelve Lingo brothers and the thirteen Bhimul brothers could cook their food and sleep in the space cut by their axes. When it was nearly cut through, it still did not fall for on the top of the tree sat the bird called Gara-surial-pite holding it up. Said Lingo to his brother, 'We must kill this bird', and Kosa Kana took his axe and killed it. Then the tree fell to the ground.

When the tree came down it fell on the thirteen Bhimul brothers and they shouted with fear. Lingo picked it up with one hand and threw it aside. Now this tree stood in the kingdom of twelve Rajas, and when these heard the noise they sent their police to see if the tree was safe. The police reported that someone or other had cut it down and the Rajas sent their soldiers to arrest the culprits. Lingo said to the soldiers, 'We have come to make two lanterns so that there may be light by day and light by night. We have done no evil'. So said Lingo. But the soldiers took no heed of what he said and attacked the brothers with their spears and swords. Lingo took all the blows in his own body and saved his brothers. Then he himself took his sword and fought and killed the soldiers. With their blood the tree became red, for its roots drank it up. Then the brothers stripped off the bark and cut the wood into two great circles.

They made the lower circle into the sun and the upper circle into the moon. The sun was as big as the kingdoms of the twelve Rajas, but the moon was smaller. When they were ready, the brothers wondered how to put into them a living soul. Mahapurub had a son. 'Only by killing Mahapurub's son and giving his blood to the sun and moon to drink will they become alive and be man and woman', so said Lingo. The brothers thought and thought how to catch Mahapurub's son, but at last Lingo said, 'I will catch him' and went to Perrobhum.

[1] The same idea of the proximity of earth and sky has been recorded among the Santal—C. H. Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London, 1909), p. 406; the Bunu—M. N. Basu, *The Bunus of Bengal* (Calcutta, 1930), p. 84; the Birhor—Roy, *The Birhors*, p. 436; the Gond—R. V. Russell, *Census of India, 1901*, Vol. XIII, p. 94; and the Khasi—Gurdon, *op. cit.*, p. 193. Fraser quotes similar stories from Africa—J. G. Fraser, *The Worship of Nature* (London, 1926), pp. 96 and 100. The legend is probably widely distributed.

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Mahapurub was working in his fields. His wife put the child in a swing and went for water. Lingo stole the child and brought him down to earth. There he sacrificed him and offered his blood to the sun and moon. The sun, who is a man, drank a lot of the blood and that is why he is always red. The moon, who is a woman, only drank a little and is always pale.

When Mahapurub's wife returned and could not find her son, she ran to tell her husband and they were full of sorrow. But next morning when the sun rose red into the sky, Mahapurub cried to his wife, 'Look, there's your baby in the sky; don't weep, for you will always be able to look at him'.

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In many villages the Muria know the widely-dispersed story of how the moon tricked the sun into swallowing his children.[1] They generally say that the moon is subject to a menstrual period and when her time comes she hides herself, thus accounting for the dark nights of the month. The sun works all day. We cannot see him at night because every evening he goes to his wife, but the Muria are not quite clear or consistent about this because some of them think that on account of the stealing and sacrifice of Mahapurub's child, sun and moon were cursed to remain for ever apart. Some Muria say that the sun's wife is Sukko, who is the daughter of the moon and it is she who keeps him company during the night. In Muria riddle the moon is 'the fat bullock that loses its horn in its old age'.

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The stars are explained in many different ways. In Ulera they said that they were the shavings of the great tree Huppe Piyer. In Aturgaon they said that they were the babies of the moon. In Berma they said they were the moon's servants. The moon brings her children out at night and plays with them. Everyone believes that the stars are alive. 'The stars are looking at us', they sometimes say, and it is almost uncanny to hear them speaking of sun and moon and stars as though they were actual living people. Riddles about the stars are common: '*Mesej hadang pesdh*: the whetstone is covered with *mung*-grains.' 'The dish is so full of areca nuts that you cannot count them.' 'Take a stick in your hand and count the cowries.'

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The eclipse is not explained otherwise than by the usual stories current in central India,[2] but the Muria have their own way of observing the event. It is regarded as a very good time for snaring animals or catching fish. Women dig holes in their yards and pretend to throw out water with a basket crying, 'Now we are clearing the stream for fish'. This little rite will result in good fishing expeditions later on. Boys make their *gulel*-slings, for as the moon catches the sun so will the pellet from the sling hit its mark. They also begin making nets and traps of every kind for the same reason, and put the bamboo baskets and platforms in the fields to catch and dry fish. Nets for birds are set and traps for animals arranged.

Thunder and lightning is explained in several different ways. Some say that lightning is the great *dandai* fish which leaps out of the ocean of universe into the sky, its scales flashing in the sun. In other villages they say that thunder and lightning comes from the smithy of the heavenly Lohar who is working iron in Porrobhum. The thunder is the sound of his heavy hammer;

[1] See *The Baiga*, pp. 331f. for references to Uraon, Santal and Turi legends.

[2] Crooke, op. cit., Vol. I, p. 21; Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. IV, pp. 230 and 550; *The Baiga*, p. 354; Enthoven, op. cit., pp. 58f.; J. J. Modi, 'A Few Ancient Beliefs about the Eclipse', *J. Anth. Soc. Bom.*, Vol. III (1894), pp. 346ff. Penzer has a useful summary in *The Ocean of Story*, Vol. II, pp. 6ndf.

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the lightning is the flash from his anvil. The thunderbolt is the hot slag he throws away.[1]

In Badgul the Muria said that the lightning was the Yer Kanyang (Water Maiden) playing in the sky. As she laughs, her teeth flash. When she laughs in the north, then comes the rain.

Lightning is useful to the world. Lightning warns us of rain and even brings the rain. When it strikes a plant or a tree the Muria collect the bark and burn it in their houses as a remedy against bugs and lice. The bark of a tree struck by lightning is a valuable medicine in cases of delayed delivery. [278]

Thunder is even more useful. It is caused either by the noise of the heavenly smithy or by Lingo or Bhimul dragging their water-skins across the sky. At Atargaon the Muria said that thunder is the noise made when Mahapurub sits on one of the bullocks made by potters at the Pola festival and rides on it across the sky. In Dongrigura they said that 'Mahapurub goes out to work in his fields or to fetch wood. He sees a storm coming and jumps into his cart and drives hard for home. The rumble of the wheels is the thunder.[2] Mahapurub's iron axe or sickle falls down to the earth with a great crash. If people can find it, it is an invaluable cure for rheumatism or headache.' In Kokori the Muria added the detail that Mahapurub's cart is dragged by sterile women. There is generally the idea that thunder has a beneficial effect on sterility.

For the Muria call the thunderbolt, 'the seed'. In Palari they said, 'Thunder is very useful, it means that the heavenly semen is falling to earth; all the small sprouts of rice and the small vegetables on which this seed falls become pregnant and so bear good fruit.' In Karanji also the Muria said that rice, vegetables and trees only bear fruit after hearing thunder. If there is no thunder the crop is always poor. 'We know this must be so, for it is the same with hens. The hen must hear the cock crow, otherwise its eggs will not be fertile.' It is said that if a thunderbolt falls or lightning strikes the earth near a barren woman, she will soon become pregnant.

Here is another account, from Kokori. 'Bhimul is man; Earth is woman. When Bhimul is on heat, he tries to approach Earth. But there is no road or path, and he rushes about trying to find the way, he hurls rocks and mountains to and fro—and this makes the thunder. At last he can contain his seed no longer: it spurts out—and a thunderbolt falls. From this seed man gets his food. Unless Bhimul gets on heat there is no rain or harvest.'

Rain is described as the chaprasi of Mahapurub who goes ahead of him when he sets out on tour. The rainbow is Lingo's *arishan*, or magic arrow of fire. The rain-giver is either Lingo or Bhimul. The people of the north-west generally beg rain from Lingo, for it is here that Lingo's cult is strongest. In the east they approach Bhimul. In Chikhli village at a time of drought in 1941, the Muria went to Lingo and offered him a bull, but he only gave them three days' rain. When they asked him why this was he said, 'In the old days the Raja himself honoured me with sacrifice, but now I am forgotten and so I am not giving rain'. In Markabera they had the curious notion that the first rain is the marriage of Mother Earth and the frogs come to make music for it. Frogs fall from the sky: if they fall into the water they remain frogs; if they fall into a field they turn into tortoises; if they fall under ebony trees they turn into hares.

[1] In Easter the Hindus say that during a thunderstorm the *Sui* bird lies on its back with its feet in the air in order to protect the earth. Many Muria say the same.

[2] This is a common Hindu notion. Thunder is the voice of Indra, or the roar of the wheels of Bhagavan's chariot. See Rathoven, *op. cit.*, p. 76.

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821 I have heard hail described as 'the bosses of the rain'. The rainbow is the great snake, Bhumtaras, that rises from its ant-hill to stop the rain.[1]

XII. Lingo and the Discovery of Fire

773 In Bastar, as in Hislop's version of the legend, Lingo is associated with the discovery of fire. In some villages it is said that the first fire to be kindled was that made by Lingo at the original Pus Kolang dance. At Kanhargaon in the Chota Dongar Pargana the Jhoria Muria told this story:

> At the beginning of the world, when the earth sank beneath the great waters, there were no men left but the seven Koroho-Lingo brothers. When the water went down again, they set out to find fire to warm themselves and cook their food. Presently they saw a Maharin whose name was Parajunge; she had a fire. They made their camp near her house and went to get fire from her. The girl gave the eldest brother some fire in a bundle of grass but it went out. Then the next brother went, and the next, but every time the fire went out. At last Lingo himself went. When she offered him fire in the grass he hit her twice and picked up a burning log from her fire and took it to his camp.
>
> The brothers went away, but the girl soon found that she was pregnant from the two blows which Lingo had struck. The boy grew up, and when he was old enough he went with the other boys and girls to dance in Lingo's ghotul. Parajunge, his mother, followed him. Now Lingo was leading the dance with a tuft of palm leaves in his turban. When the dancers got tired they sat down to smoke and the boy said to his mother, 'All these other children have fathers, but where is my father?' Parajunge said, 'It is the one who is wearing leaves in his hair, go and catch him'. The boy caught him by the leg and cried, 'You are my father'. When the brothers heard it they were very angry with Lingo and said, 'We would have given you a kingdom, but he who makes a Maharin pregnant becomes a Mahara'. Lingo said, 'I never went to her, I only hit her and she became pregnant of her own accord'. They disputed this for many days and at last Lingo said, 'You may test me by oil and fire; make a great iron vessel and fill it with twelve pots of oil; put me in it and boil me on a hearth lit with twelve cart-loads of wood; if I am unhurt it will prove me innocent'. The brothers carried out the test and Lingo was unharmed; he sat in the fire playing his eighteen instruments. The brothers then believed Lingo and gave him the kingdom. The name of the boy was Son Kuar and he was admitted into the ghotul as a Muria, but they would not accept his mother.

In this account of how Lingo brought fire to the tribe, we may note the tradition that he got it from a woman and that the incident is vaguely connected with impregnation. Fraser has collected myths from many parts

[1] The Hill Maria have the same idea. So have the Kol, who call the rainbow Lurbeng, the serpent—Dalton, op. cit., p. 177. The Pardhan of Mandla say it is the raised head of Basuk, the cobra who supports the world. The Bison-horn Maria call it Bhimul-wil, the bow of Bhimul—Grigson, op. cit., p. 230. The Baiga call it the house of Bhimsen—*The Baiga*, p. 336. Hindus generally call it the bow of Ram or of Indra, though they too speak of it as a snake. 'The rainbow is connected with the snake, being the fume of a gigantic serpent blown up from underground. In Persia, it was called the "celestial serpent".'—Crooke, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 144.

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Death comes into the world by the treachery of the gods. The Baiga describe how Bhagavan grew tired of men, but did not know how to kill them. So he gave Nanga Baiga itch and the old man began to scratch. But he was unable to reach the small of his back, and one day when he picked up a stick to scratch himself there, Bhagavan turned it into a cobra and it bit him and he died.[1] The Juang say that formerly men did not die because they did not sleep, and Bhagavan had to send a woman to sell them curds mixed with sleep-medicine. When they ate the curds, they slept and died.' The Bhuiya story describes how so long as Jug Budha and his wife were living, no one died and the world was becoming over-populated. So the Supreme Being sent a centipede to bite them, and thus introduced death into the world.

The Muria too, in the north of Bastar, associate the coming of death with the murder of a son.

In the Middle World no man died, and Mahapurub wondered how he was to get souls for his kingdom. He had a son. He killed him and prepared to carry him out for burial. But when his wife heard of it, she ran weeping to the place and, taking her son from him, sat with the corpse in her lap. Mahapurub said, 'We must bury the child, don't be foolish'. But she said, 'No, I'll never give him to you'.

Mahapurub then planted a jamun tree behind her. One day some of the berries fell to the ground before her. She picked them up and as she ate her mouth was reddened with the juice. Mahapurub came again and said, 'Give me the boy. You are a witch, you are eating his flesh'. He brought a mirror and when she saw her reddened mouth, she thought she really was eating her son. She wept bitterly, but gave the body to Mahapurub. He buried it and from that day, death has been in the world.

A similar sacrifice accounts for the origin of the sun and moon. The Muria, in a story which is known in a slightly different version to the Bison-horn Maria, describe how after the great wooden circles for the sun and moon were made, there was the problem of how to put life into them. Mahapurub had a son, and Lingo declared that only by killing him and giving his blood to the sun and moon to

[1] Verrier Elwin, The Baiga (London, 1939), p. 229.

3: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1943
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drink, would they become alive and be man and woman. One day while Mahapurub was working in his fields, his wife put the child in a swing and went for water. Lingo stole the child and brought him down to earth. He sacrificed him and offered his blood to the sun and moon and they became alive.

Both the Baiga and Muria have stories to account for the disappearance of human sacrifice.

> Now Nanga Baiga and Nanga Baigin had nothing to sacrifice for the steadying of the world. So they took their own three sons and daughters, and were carrying them along. Then they met a jungle hen. 'Where are you going?' she asked. And when she heard, 'You musn't kill your own children. Take two pairs of mine. Offer one pair, and keep the other for breeding'. So said the jungle hen. Then Nanga Baiga lifted one son and daughter out of the kawar and left them with the hen, and put the chickens in instead.
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> A little later they met a sow. She also begged them not to sacrifice their children, and gave two pairs of sucklings in exchange for two more of the children. Then they met a barking deer, and made a similar exchange.[1]

The Muria story runs as follows:—

> The Muria was thinking, 'How am I to worship the earth for I have nothing to give her?'. He had one daughter. He covered her whole body with soot to make her black and forced her to walk on all fours like a black cow.

[1] *The Baiga*, p. 315. 'At Nasik, in the Deccan, when cholera appears, a woman of the Marg (menial tribe) is solemnly led out of the city as a scapegoat. She remains outside the city bounds till the next day, when she bathes and returns. The ceremonial, which closely resembles that of bringing a victim to a shrine, doubtless implies an earlier rite of human sacrifice.

'Another rite resembles that of the self-immolation of pilgrims, who used, in former times, to fling themselves, in the name of Siva, over the cliff known as Bhairava Jhamp, near the famous shrine of Kedar Nath in the lower Himalayas. This rite has now been commuted into the paying for the service of a bedi or rope dancer, who slides on a wooden saddle upon a cable hung over a precipitous cliff as a means of propitiating Siva.

'In the form of the "Bihunda" rite the same custom prevails in the Punjab, on the River Sutlej.

'In Baroda also, at the worship of Vagh Deo, the tiger god, a man is covered with a blanket; he bows to the image and walks round it seven times. During this performance the worshippers slap him on the back. He then tries to escape to the forest, pursued by children, who fling balls of clay at him, and finally bring him back, the rite ending with feasting and drinking. The above are instances of attenuated forms of the custom of human sacrifice and immolation which has become intolerable under the conditions of modern society' Haikerwal, *op. cit.*, pp. 68 f.